PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242
JULY 1983 $3.00
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THE SECRET (VIOLENT) LIFE OF JOHN LENNON

PRINCE CHARLES AFTER DARK...

A ROYAL INSIDER TELLS ALL

EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX TOYS

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING POOR

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PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/July 1983

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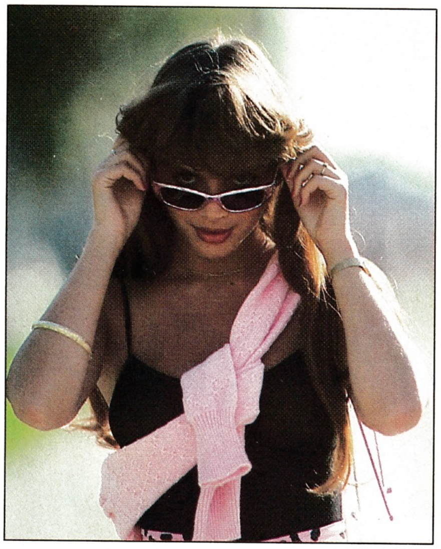

This month's cover features Sonja, who appeared in the February 1982 German edition of Penthouse, *photographed by Hannes Schmid. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 195.*

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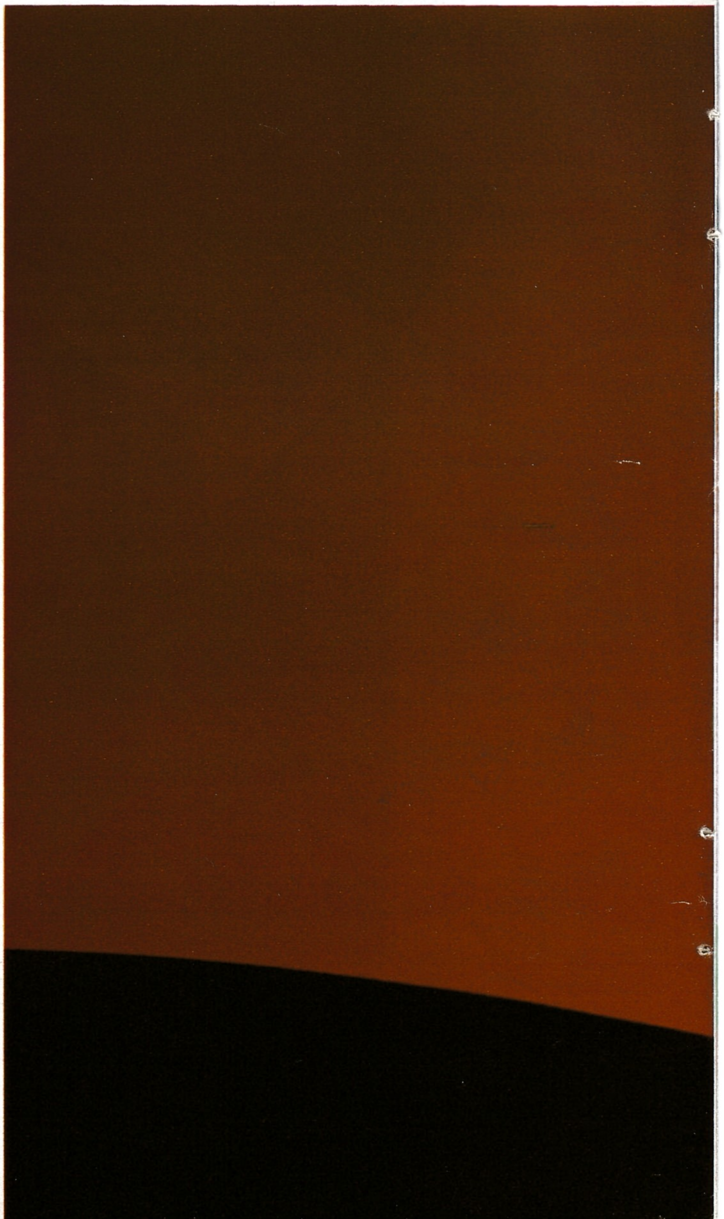


ALL'S WELL WITH HER WORLD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE WAYDA

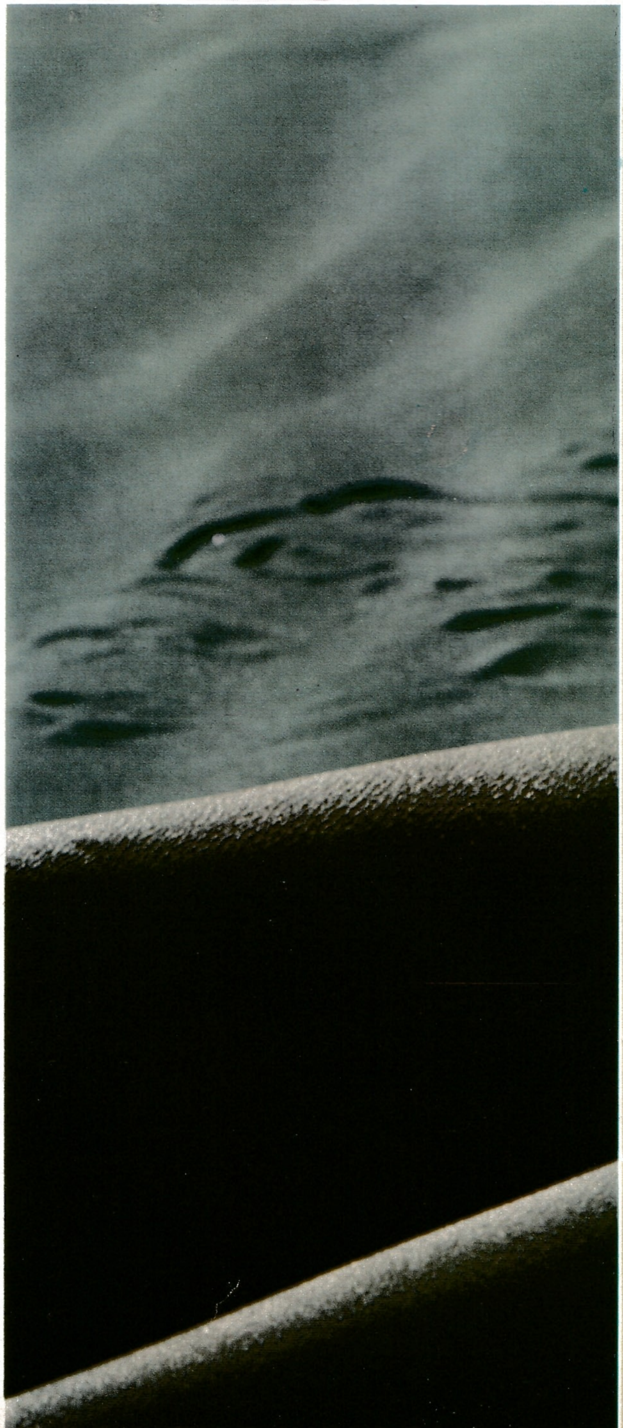
Men come and go in the short, happy life of Francis McAmish, but Patches, her stallion since childhood, remains a constant companion. A native of Biloxi, Miss., our Pet has the best of both worlds: a neck of woods to wander in, a sandy strip of beach to bask on. Small wonder Francis describes herself as a product of her dual environment: earthy, but also rather salty.

Just turned twenty this spring, our lovely Lady Godiva's still a free agent. "Patches is my mane man," she puns, "but a handsome knight on a big white charger might give him a run for his money."

But how does a knight compete? Settle, like Patches, for cold oat husks and dried grass at every meal? Let Francis get on top whenever she wants? "That's a *start,*" smiles our 35-24-36-inch equestrienne, washing off after a ride.

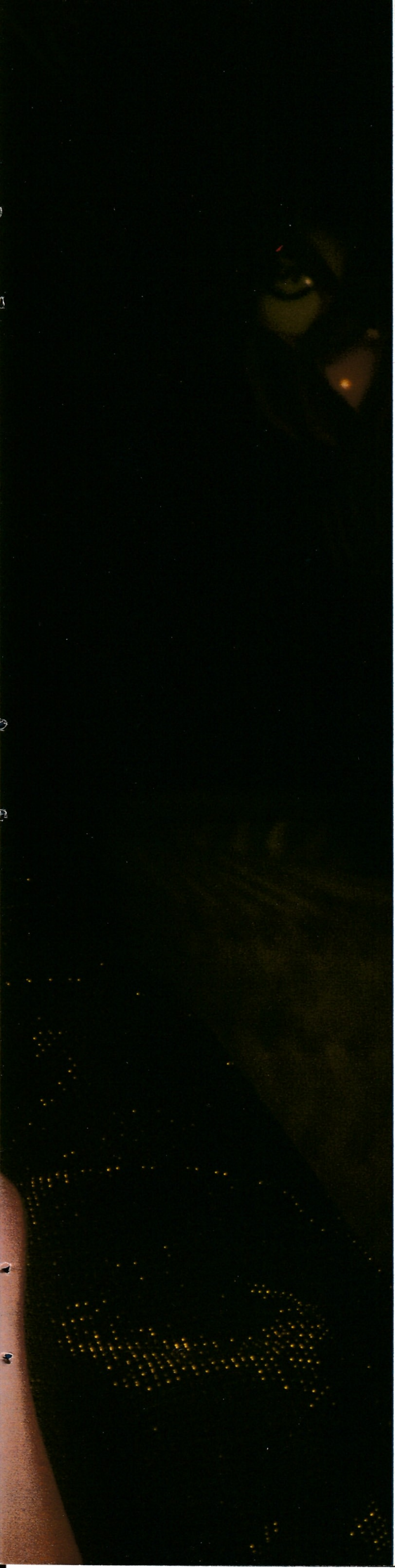
The sight of Francis in the hay inflames the southern imagination. "A boyfriend once called me his barn-burner, à la Faulkner; another simply said I'm a long, tall drink of water..."

On weekdays, our Pet's a buyer for a local boutique. ("I'm told I look great in clothes.") But day or night, dust or sand, land or briny foam, it's clear that for this blond bit of heaven, all's well with the world.



KRISTA

❛I don't need a man to lean on, but it sure is great to have a man to sleep with.❜



Heaven help the working girl? It's an awfully nice thought, says charismatic Krista Simon, but she'd rather do it herself. Raised by her mother in a fatherless family, July's Pet of the Month is not a woman of independent means—but she does mean to stay independent.

NINE TO FIVE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

Since her high school graduation two years ago, our industrious revelation has worked nine to five, first assembling parts for airplanes, now as a seamstress in a local wheelchair factory.

"The pay is quite good there, and
though blue-collar work's not glamorous, my boyfriend
says I'm glamorous enough as it is..."
The man's got a point about her curves–Krista's flawless
35-23-35 inches are in perfect working order...

Besides believing in herself, our Libra-on-the-cusp-of-Virgo also believes in astrology and in reading palms. "There are forces in life that we really just can't explain," she says. Coming from comely Krista, the thought bears looking into...

She also feels true love is predestined, that perfect chemical attractions are as rare and wonderful as four-leaf clovers. "But when they happen," she says, "be prepared for some pretty hot fireworks."

Having recently moved in with her boyfriend, Krista has found the initial adjustment period unexpectedly pleasant. "I don't need a man to lean on, but it's great to have a man to sleep with!"

Wardrobe by Cindy Madsen, Simi Valley, Calif.; makeup and hair by Denise Wolever, Las Vegas, Nev.

The ideal partner in bed, she feels, is aggressive but sensitive, passionate but patient, "and he never steals the covers!" Not yet twenty-one years old, our bountiful blonde isn't quite sure of her future.

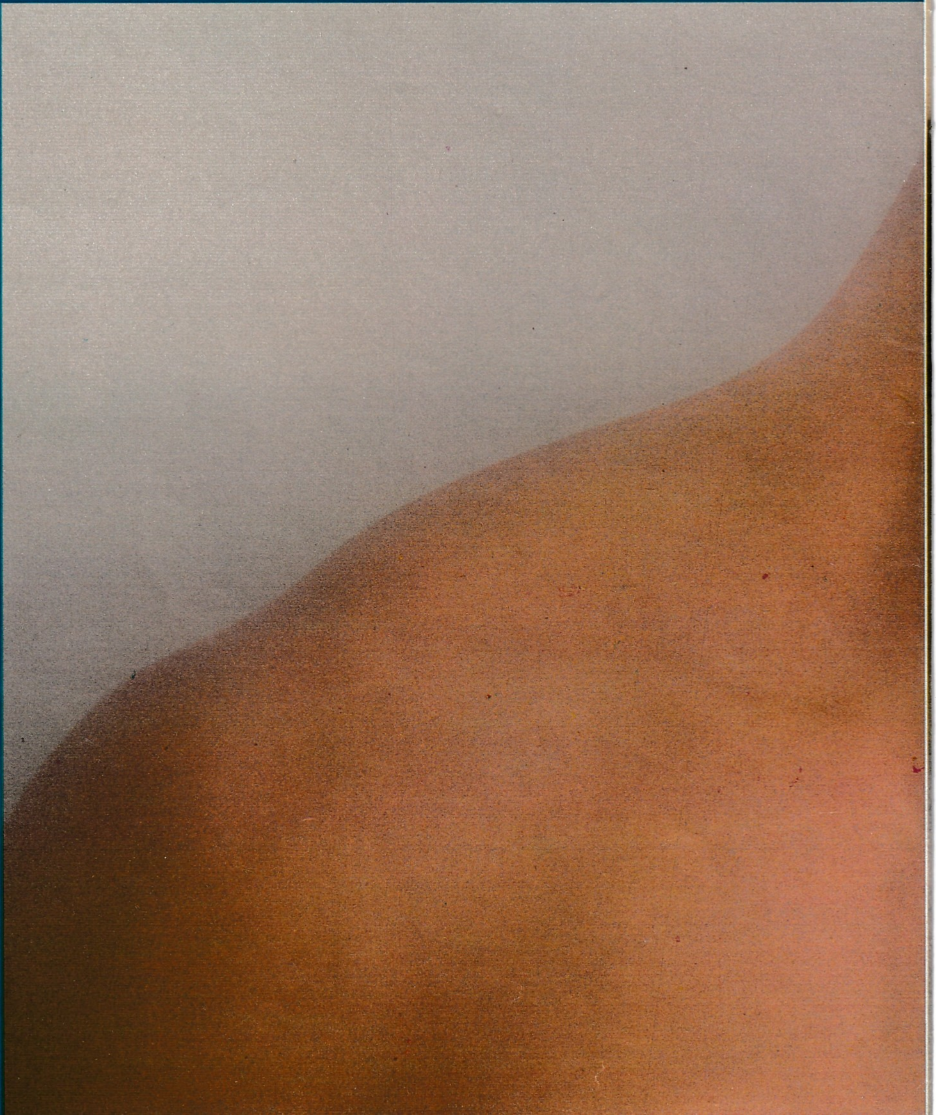
"But I'd like to have a business of my own—also a husband and child. Otherwise, I don't require a lot of luxuries." We'd say any man who has Krista has found himself a priceless possession.

MISS KRISTA SIMON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

RON AND LOIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

“Humbled by her beauty, he becomes a mortal supplicant, she an omnipotent goddess of love...”



When he'd issued the open invitation, she'd feigned indifference. This handsome young Latin lover could possess and discard her heart in one day. The secret crush she'd long nurtured seemed pleasantly safe, but risking the wounds of his touch left her trembling with fear. Especially now, when she opens her door to find him standing there and embracing her all at once: pushing up her flimsy cotton skirt, he cups her flesh like a chalice, drinks in all her desires...

Pulling her into the afternoon sunshine,
he forces her to endure his brazen scrutiny, and
feels her sun-warmed breasts obediently
swell beneath his hands...as he does beneath hers...

Having worshiped him for so long, she is stunned by the sudden awareness of her own compelling power.

Humbled by her ravishing and receptive beauty, he becomes a mortal supplicant, she… an omnipotent goddess of love…

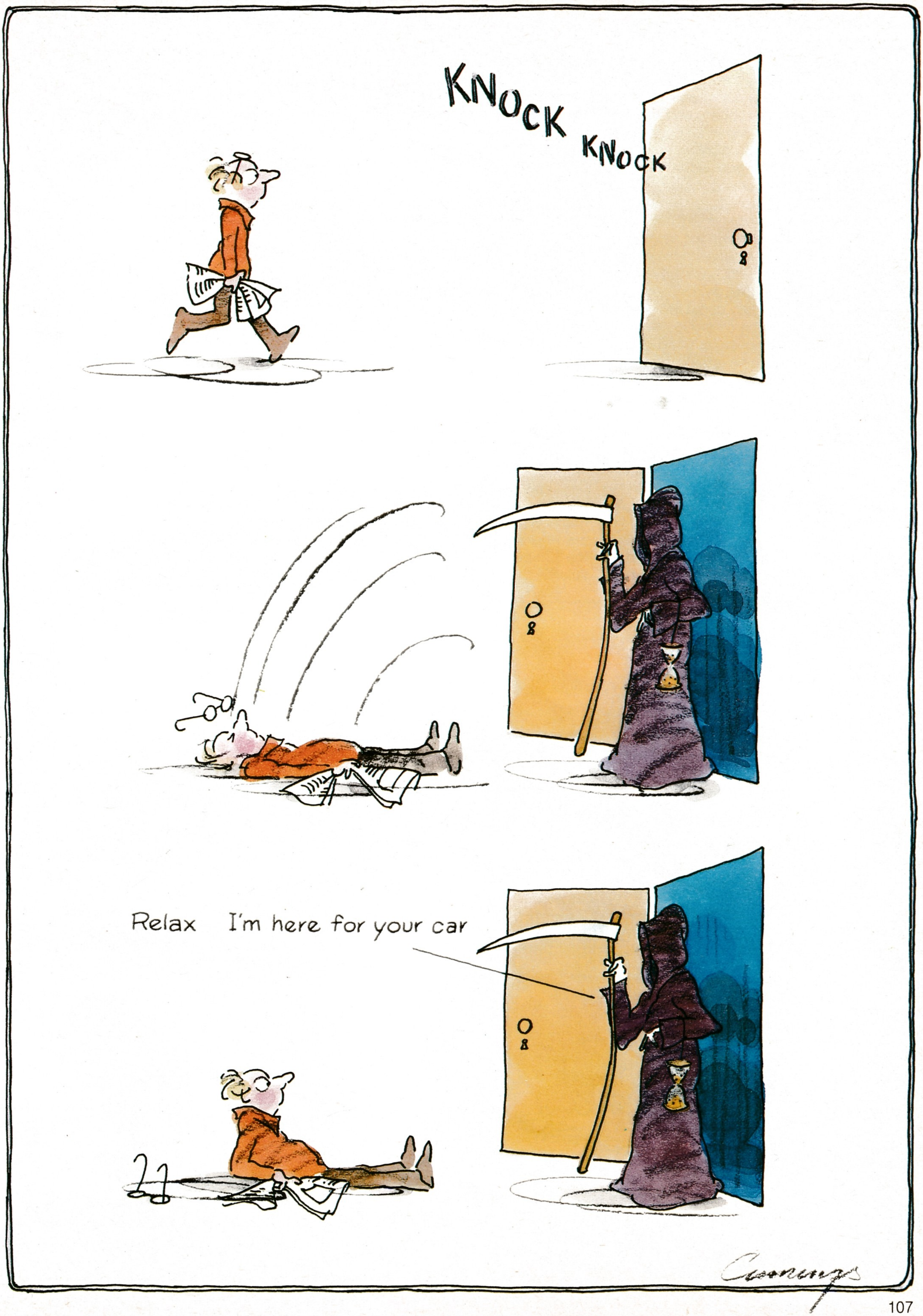
Their vivid contrasts excite them further: he is bold, she is shy; he is dark, she is fair; his unyielding muscle strains against yielding curves. Normally worlds apart, they have desperate desires in common, and a universe of feelings to explore.

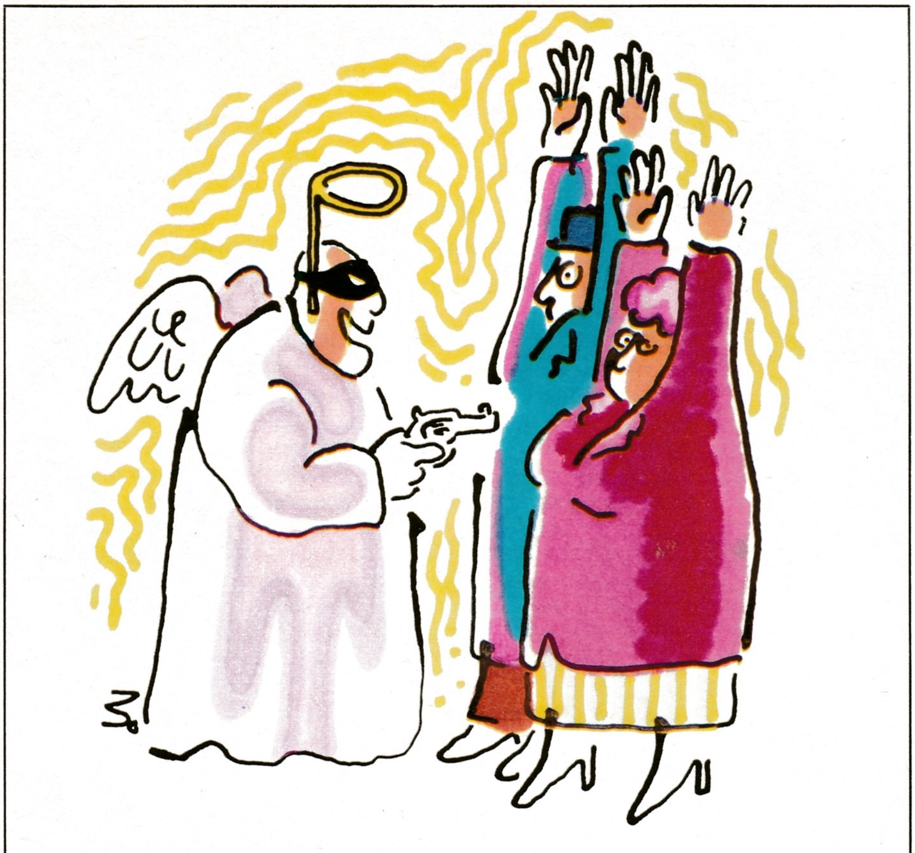
Gently, his lips brush her shoulder as his fingertips whisper against her, causing sudden sighs that echo in response.

Despite her best intentions, she finds herself doing his bidding, bequeathing private pleasures to herself as well as to him...

The floor feels cool and hard against their moist and heated flesh. They retreat to the softness of her bed, where he has so often haunted her dreams. Opening herself to him fully, she closes her eyes and lets the dream come true again.

At daybreak, reality returns–indifferent to the difference this night has made in his plans. But waking, he embraces her tightly, answering her unasked question. This wild and improvised love song must never come to an end.


KNOCK KNOCK
Relax I'm here for your car

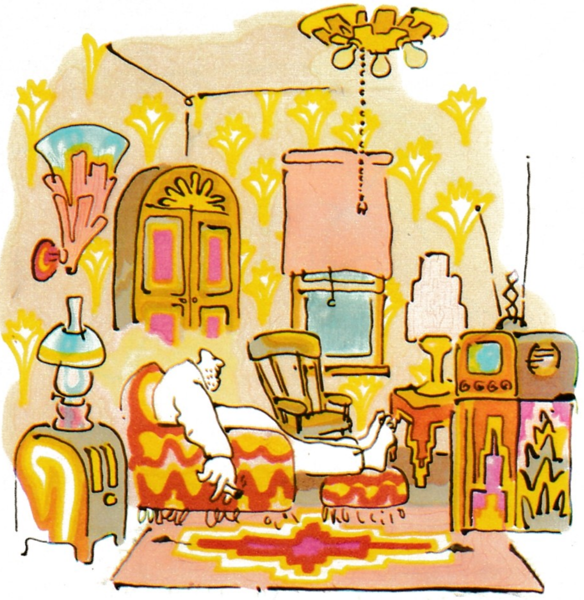


If you steal, you're not a criminal; you're a "victim of society."

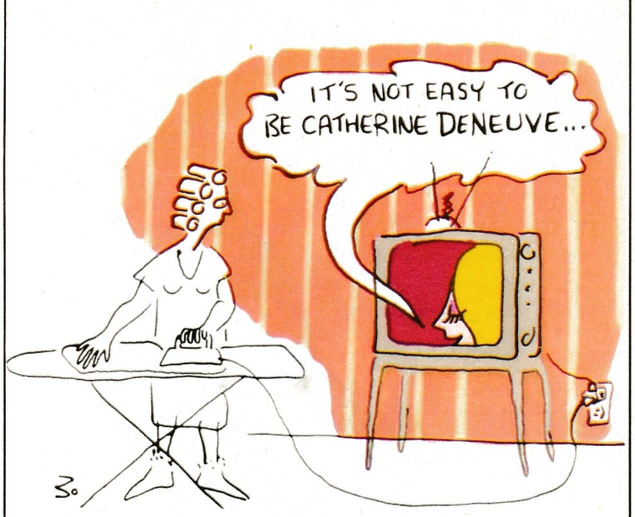
THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING POOR

The PENTHOUSE
Humor Editor offers good news
about a bad economy

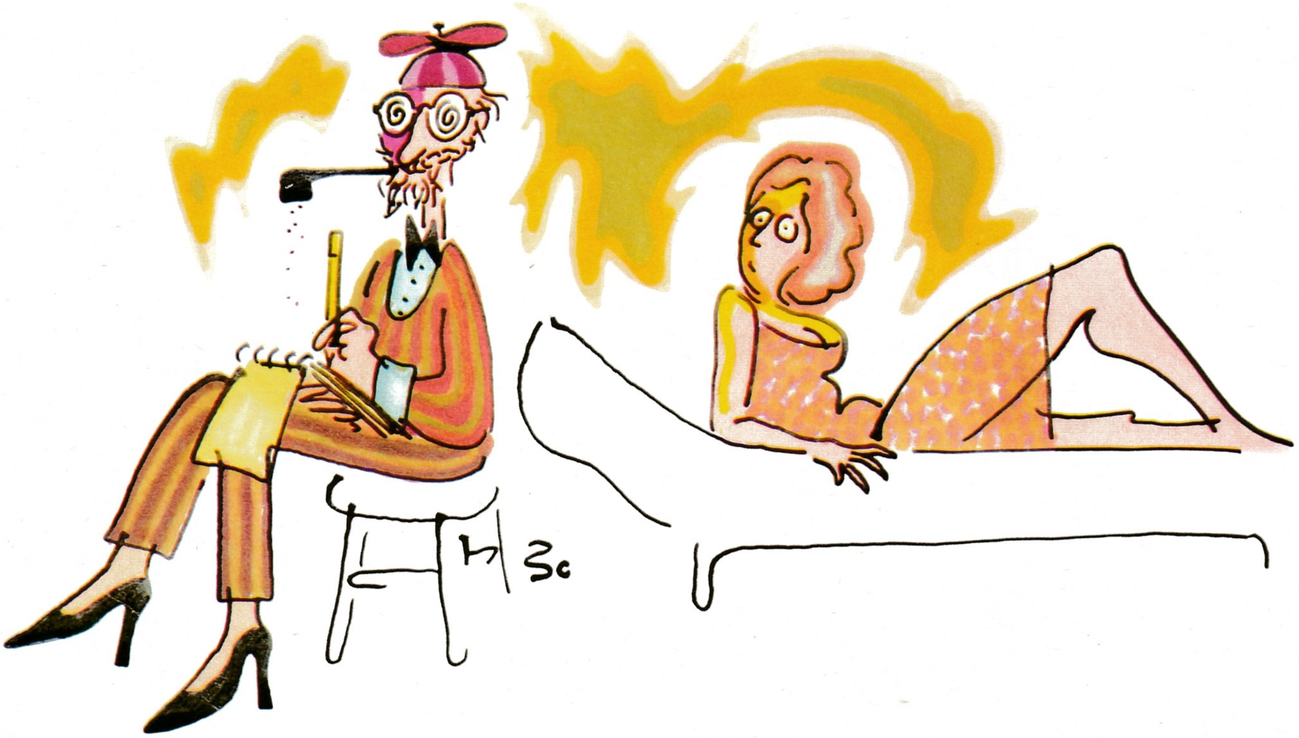
INVESTIGATIVE SATIRE BY BILL LEE



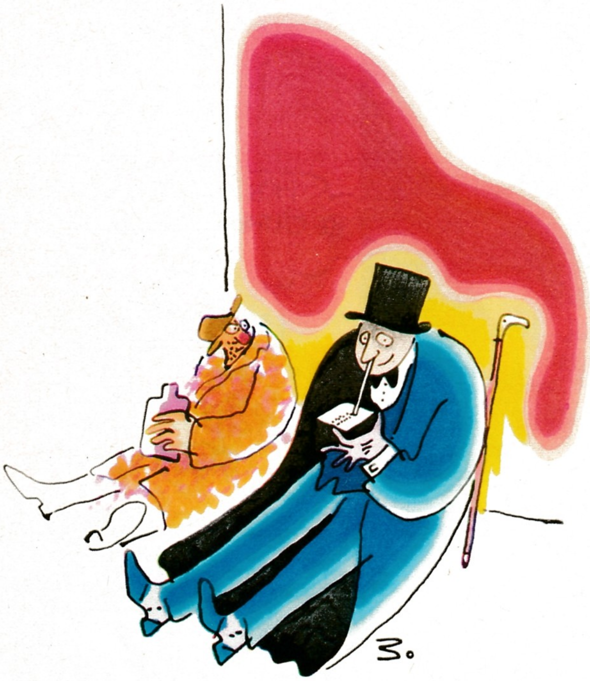
You own a lot of art deco furniture.


IT'S NOT EASY TO BE CATHERINE DENEUVE...

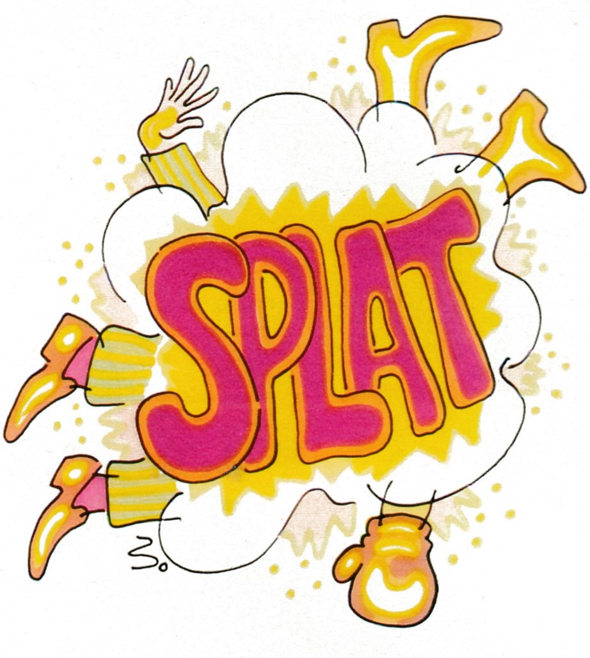
You are in full agreement with Catherine Deneuve when she says, "It's not easy to be Catherine Deneuve."



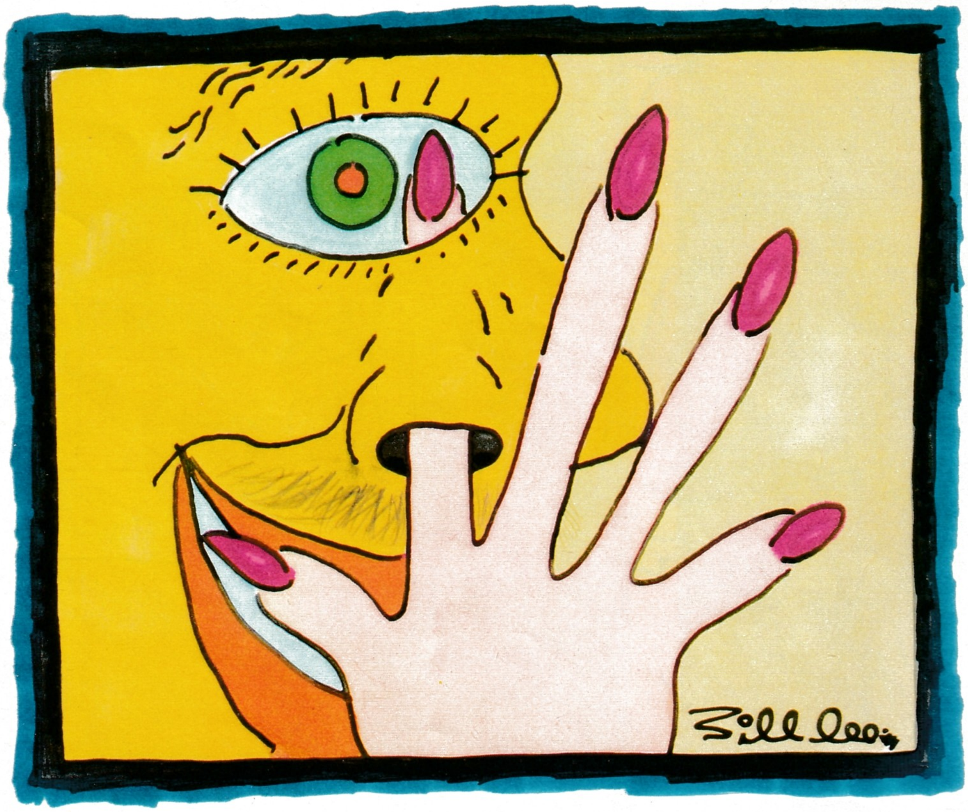
You'll never pay seventy-five dollars an hour to be psychoanalyzed by someone who's crazier than you are.



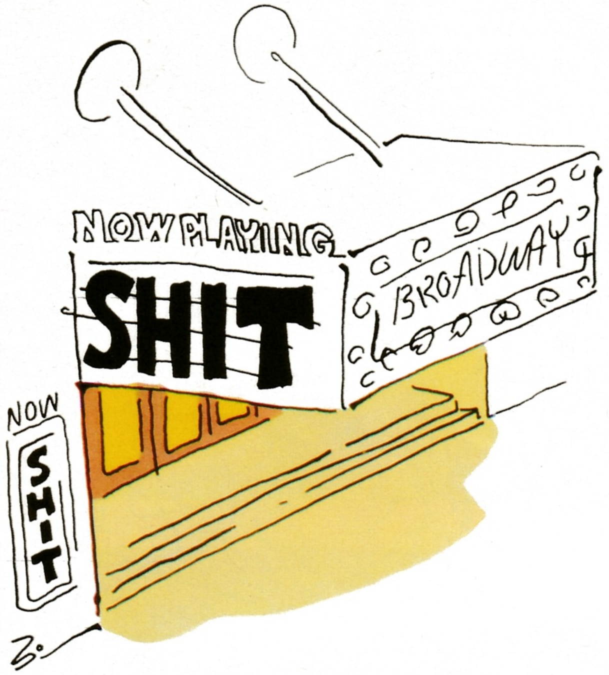
No worries about a cocaine bust. You can't afford it.



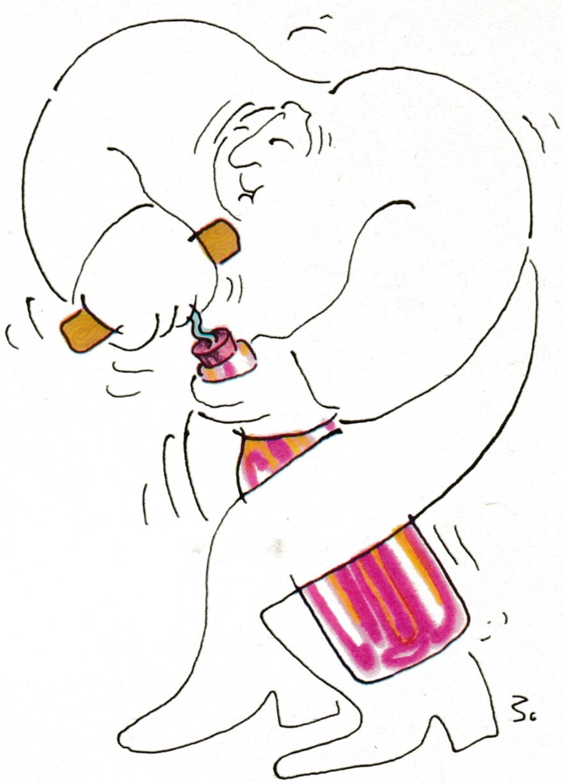
You'll never be invited to a cocktail party with Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal.



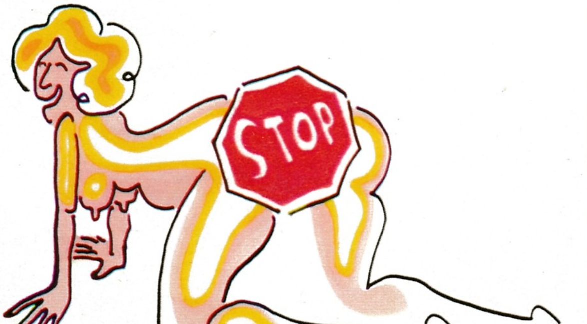
You'll never be obliged to see an Andy Warhol film.


NOW PLAYING
SHIT
BROADWAY
NOW
SHIT

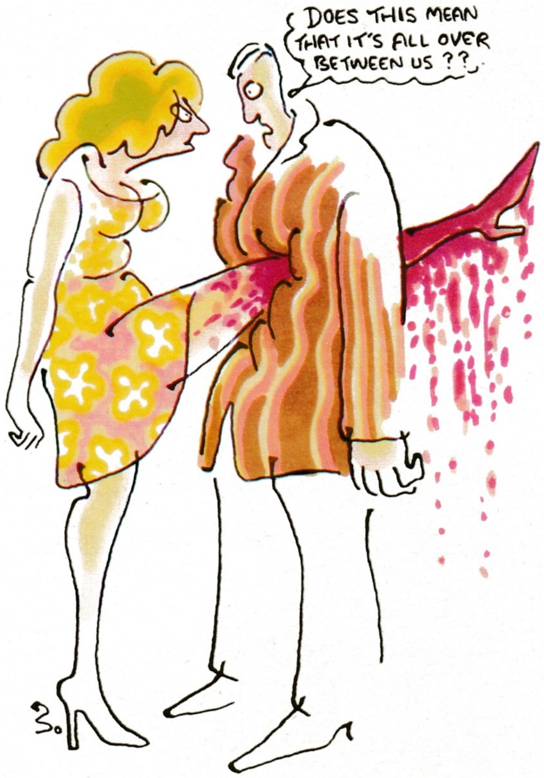
You'll never spend fifty dollars (per ticket) to see a bad Broadway show.



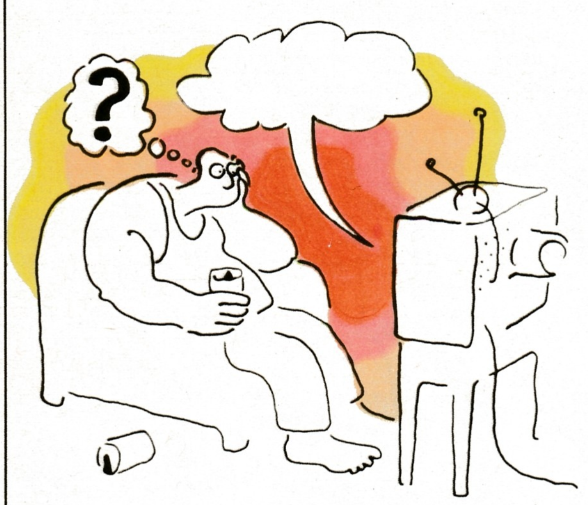
Since all of your wine comes in screw-top bottles, you'll never spend twenty minutes trying to remove a dry cork.



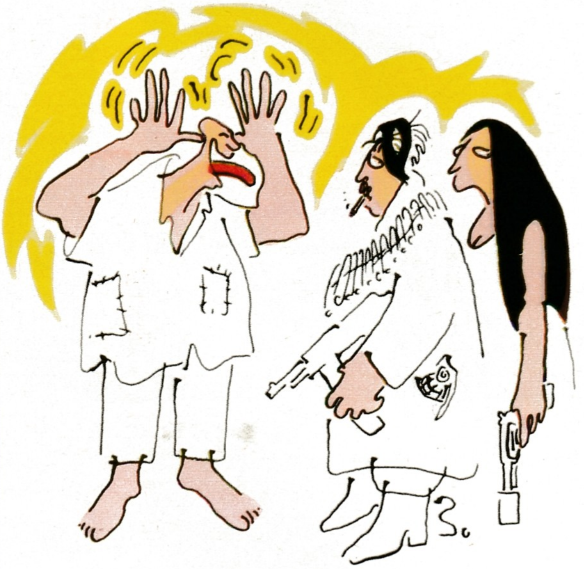
Nobody asks, "What's your sign?"


DOES THIS MEAN THAT IT'S ALL OVER BETWEEN US ??

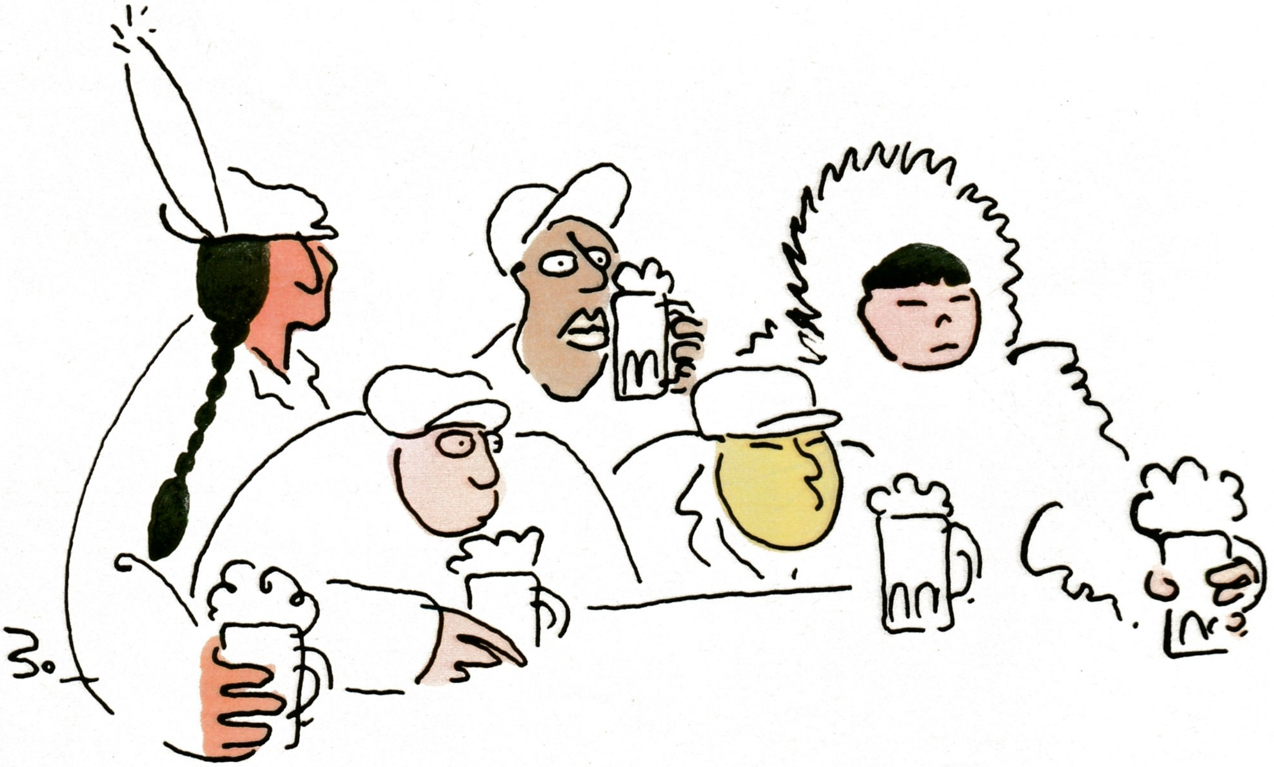
If you break up with your girl friend, Marvin Mitchelson won't sue you for palimony.



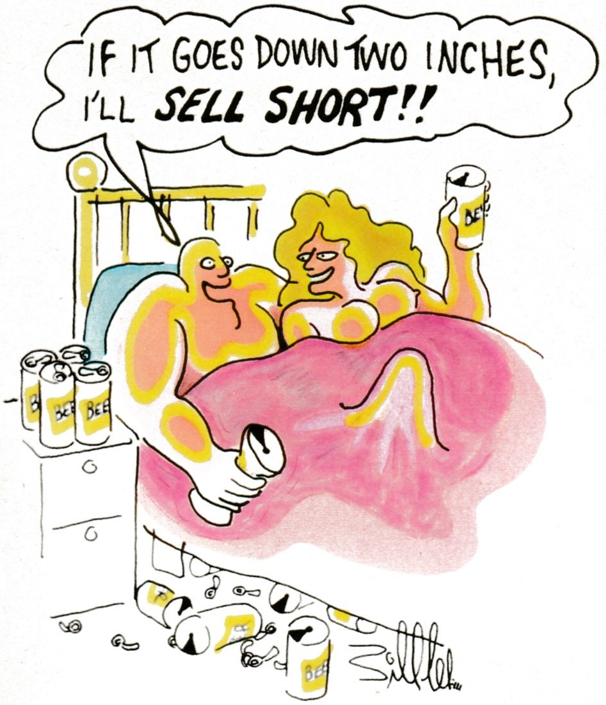
You can openly admit you don't understand anything that William F. Buckley says.



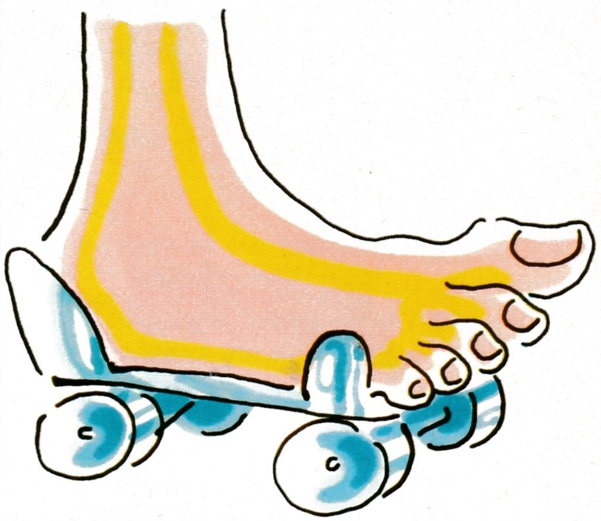
You'll never be kidnapped in Italy.



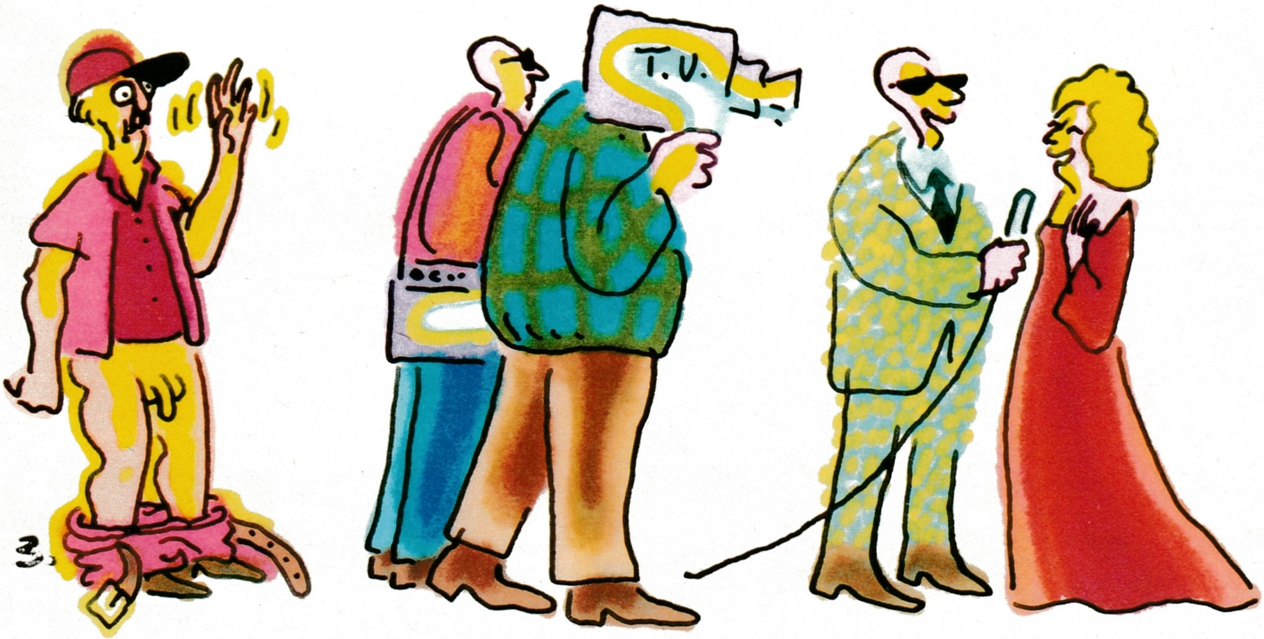
Your neighborhood is always integrated.


IF IT GOES DOWN TWO INCHES, I'LL **SELL SHORT!!**
BEER

The stock market is the last thing you want to go up.



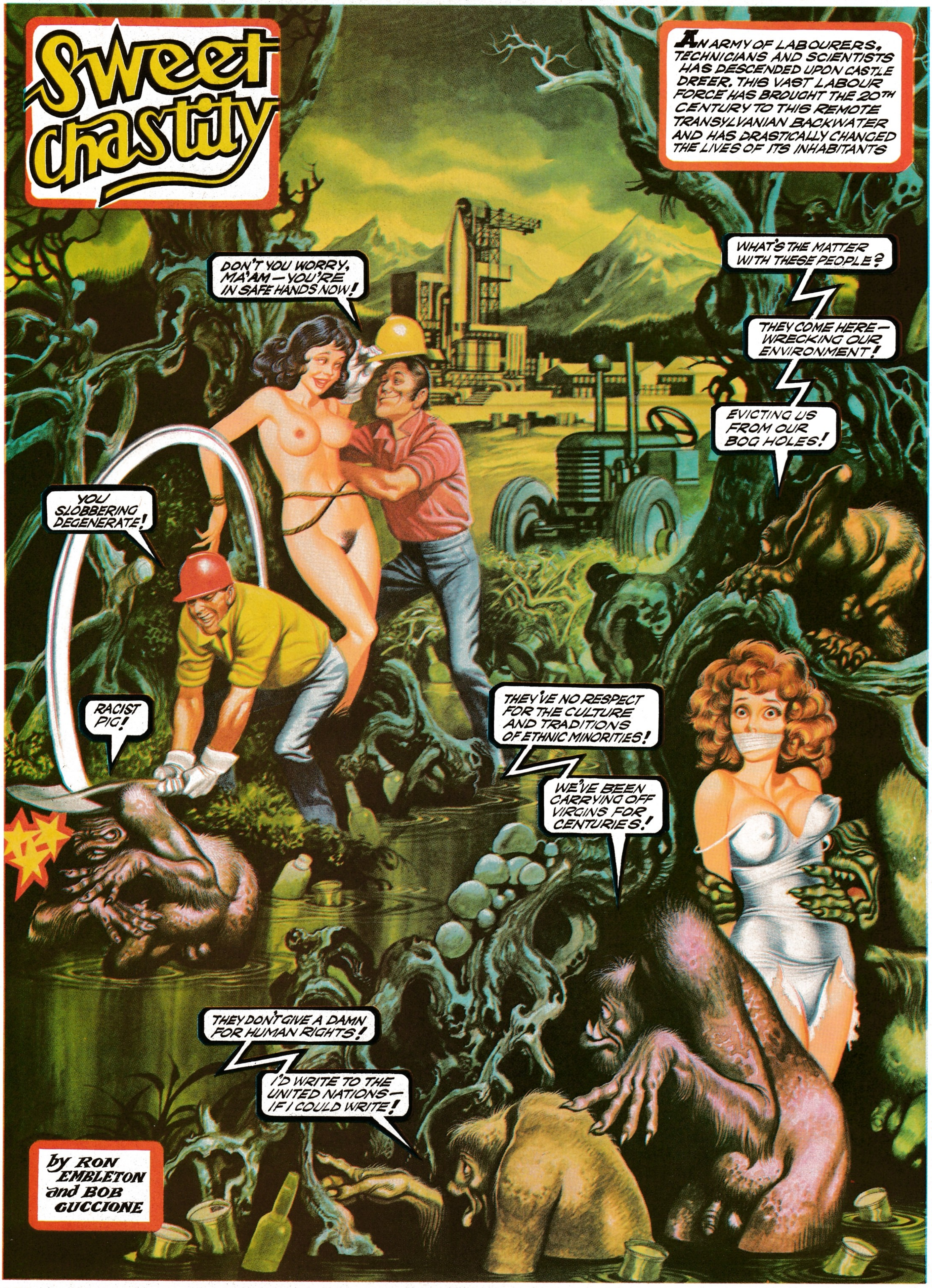
Automobile companies can't recall your feet.



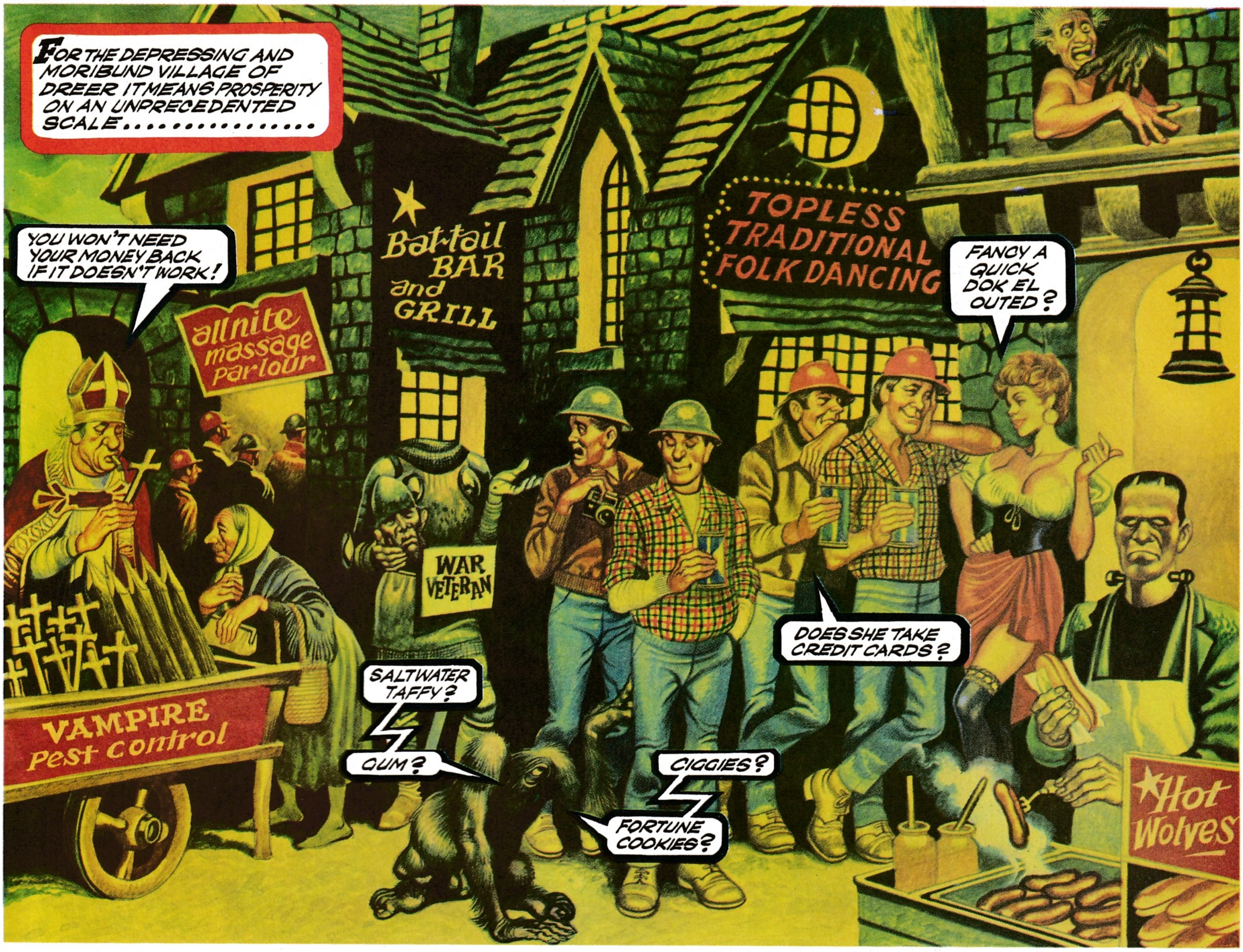
If you drop your pants in public, you won't appear on the six o'clock news.

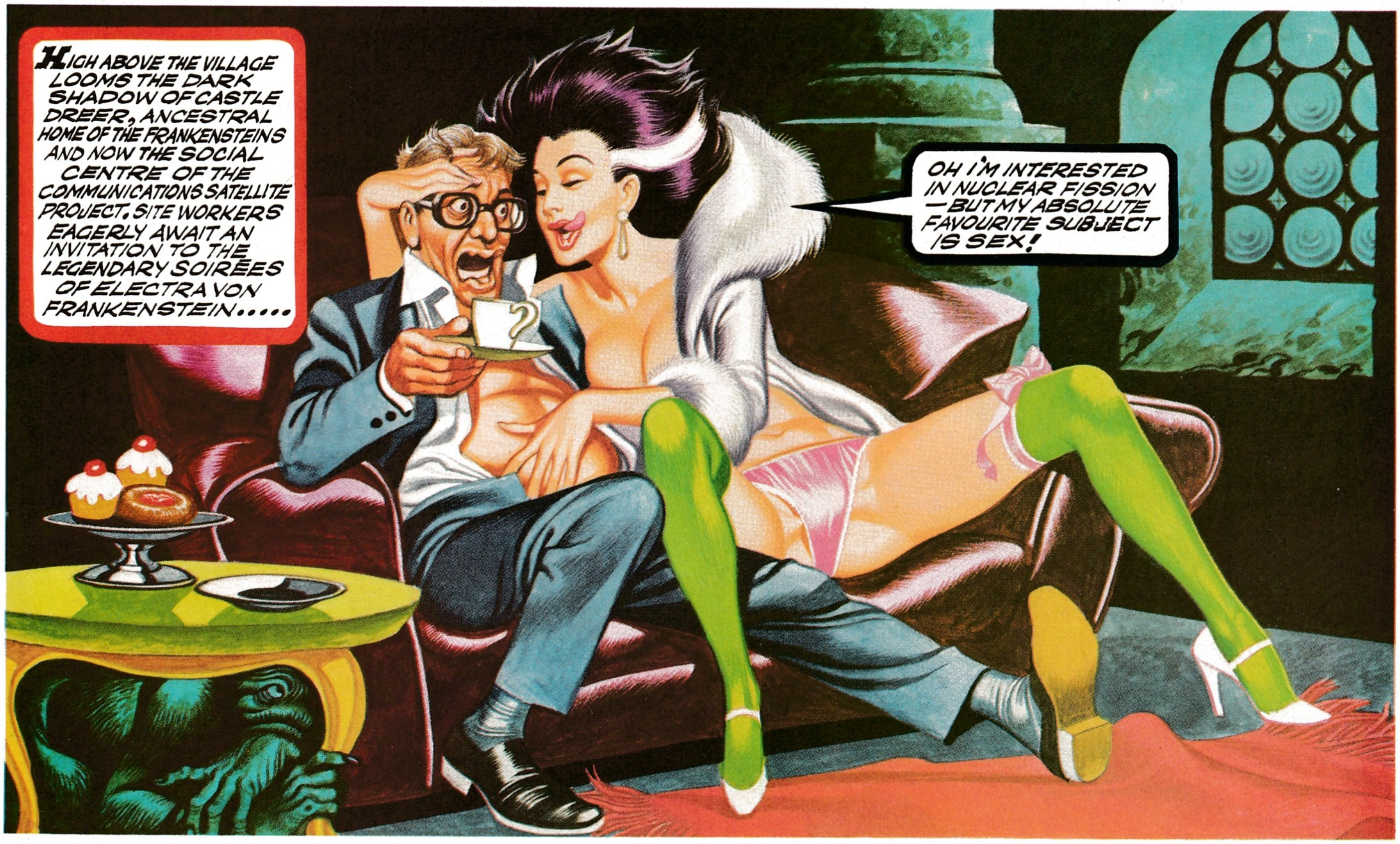
Sweet chastity

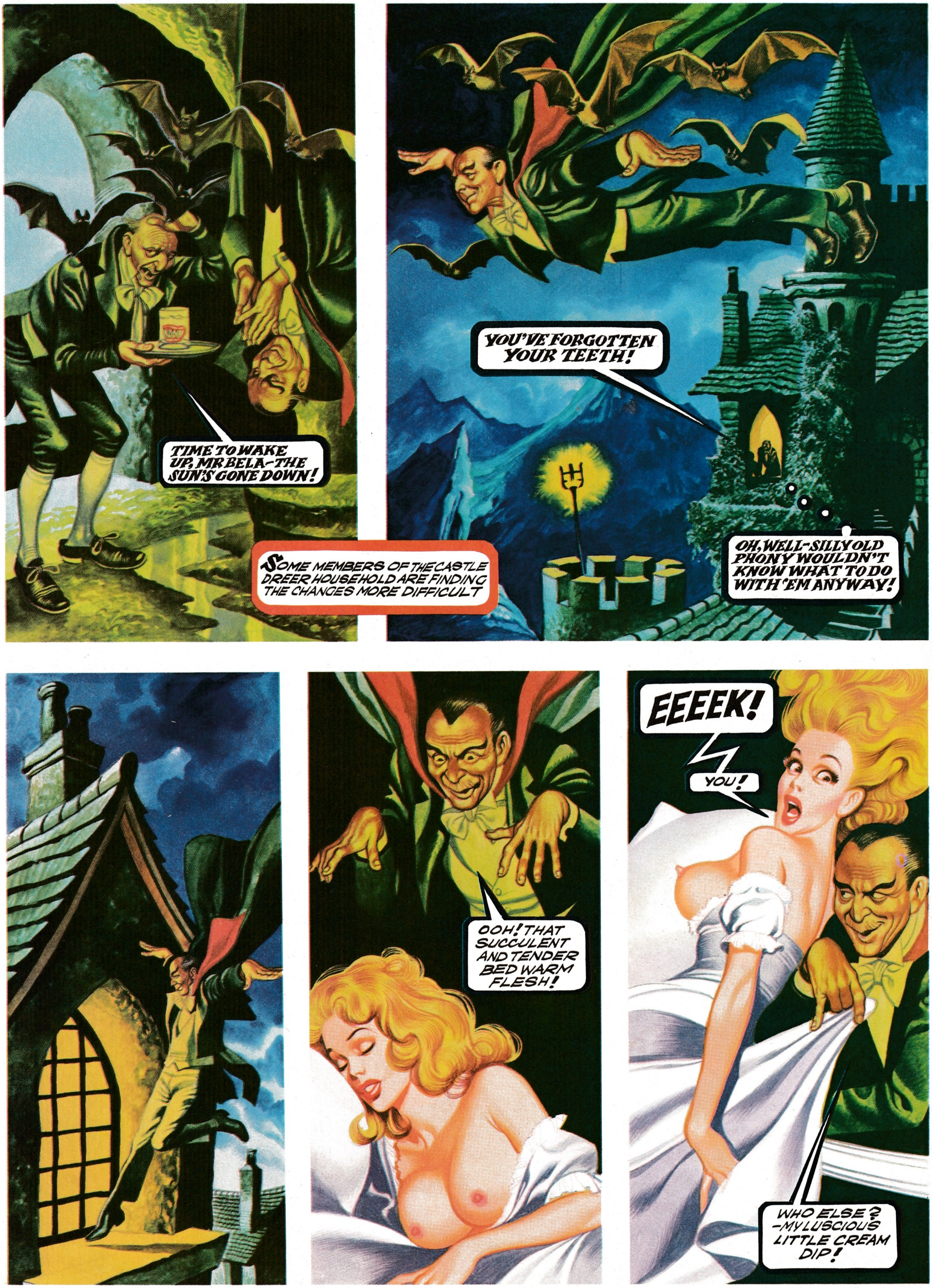
An army of labourers, technicians and scientists has descended upon Castle Dreer. This vast labour force has brought the 20th century to this remote Transylvanian backwater and has drastically changed the lives of its inhabitants

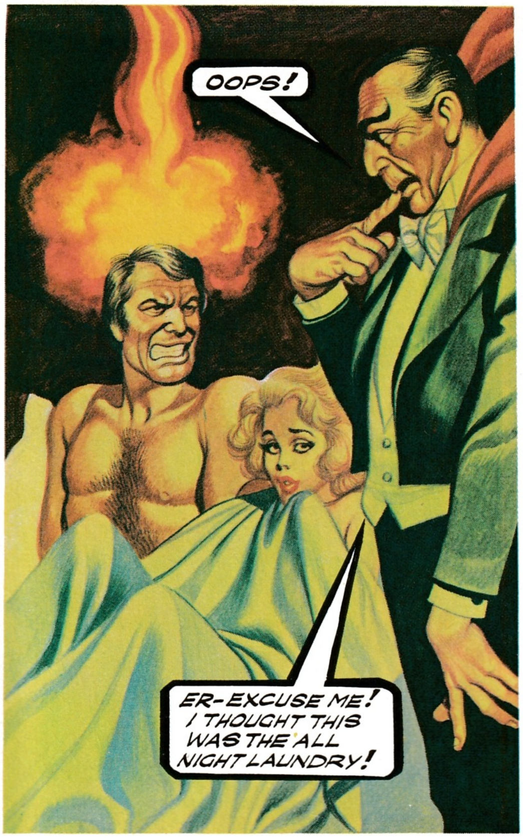

DON'T YOU WORRY, MA'AM — YOU'RE IN SAFE HANDS NOW!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THESE PEOPLE?
THEY COME HERE — WRECKING OUR ENVIRONMENT!
EVICTING US FROM OUR BOG HOLES!
YOU SLOBBERING DEGENERATE!
RACIST PIG!
THEY'VE NO RESPECT FOR THE CULTURE AND TRADITIONS OF ETHNIC MINORITIES!
WE'VE BEEN CARRYING OFF VIRGINS FOR CENTURIES!
THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR HUMAN RIGHTS!
I'D WRITE TO THE UNITED NATIONS — IF I COULD WRITE!

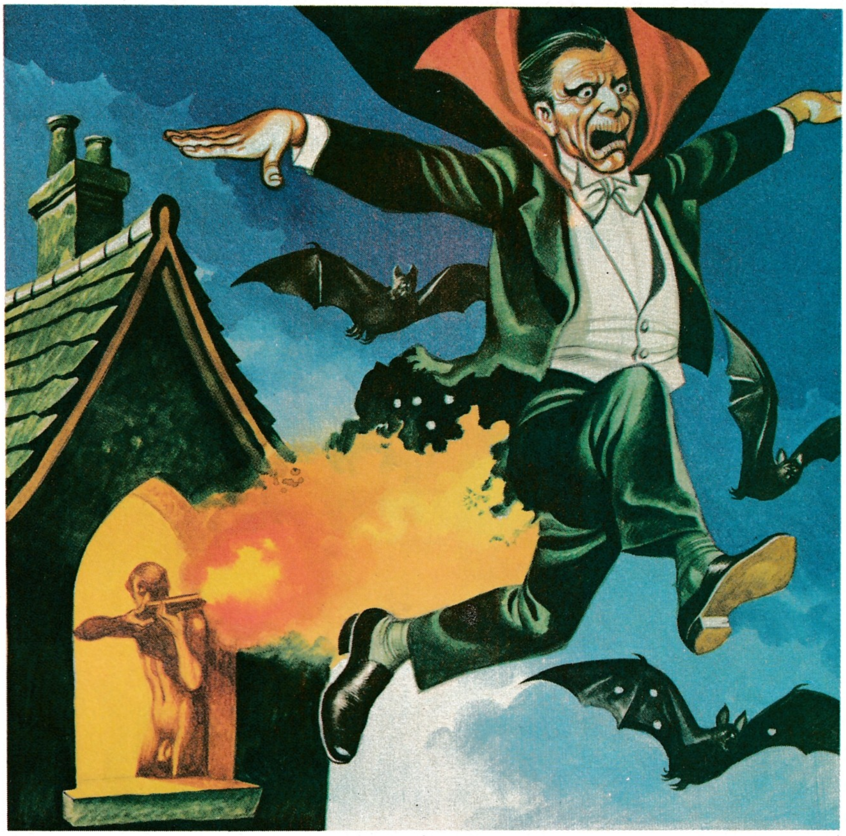
by Ron Embleton and Bob Guccione

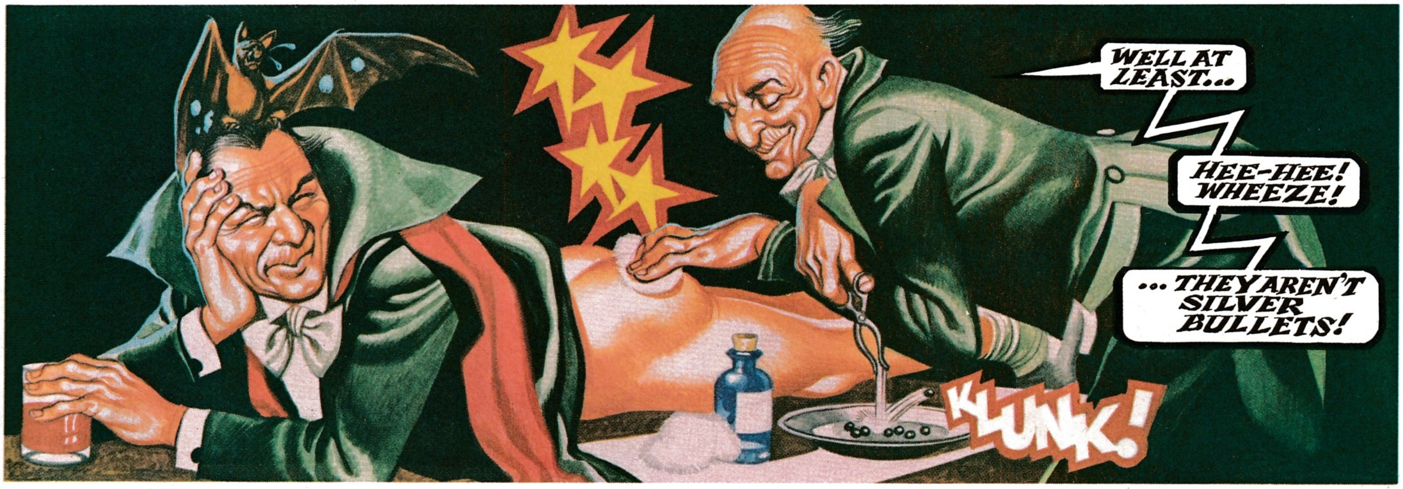

FOR THE DEPRESSING AND MORIBUND VILLAGE OF DREER IT MEANS PROSPERITY ON AN UNPRECEDENTED SCALE...............
YOU WON'T NEED YOUR MONEY BACK IF IT DOESN'T WORK!
allnite massage parlour
Bat-tail BAR and GRILL
TOPLESS TRADITIONAL FOLK DANCING
FANCY A QUICK DOK EL OUTED?
WAR VETERAN
DOES SHE TAKE CREDIT CARDS?
SALTWATER TAFFY?
QUM?
CIGGIES?
FORTUNE COOKIES?
VAMPIRE Pest Control
Hot Wolves

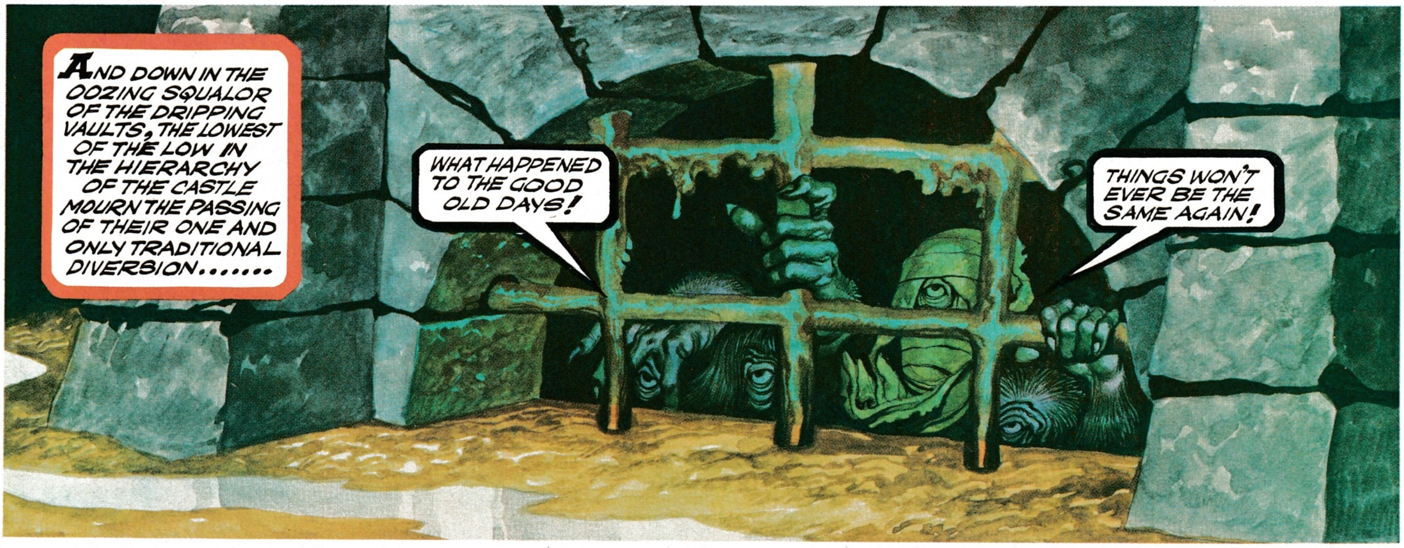

HIGH ABOVE THE VILLAGE LOOMS THE DARK SHADOW OF CASTLE DREER, ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE FRANKENSTEINS AND NOW THE SOCIAL CENTRE OF THE COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE PROJECT. SITE WORKERS EAGERLY AWAIT AN INVITATION TO THE LEGENDARY SOIREES OF ELECTRA VON FRANKENSTEIN.....
OH I'M INTERESTED IN NUCLEAR FISSION — BUT MY ABSOLUTE FAVOURITE SUBJECT IS SEX!

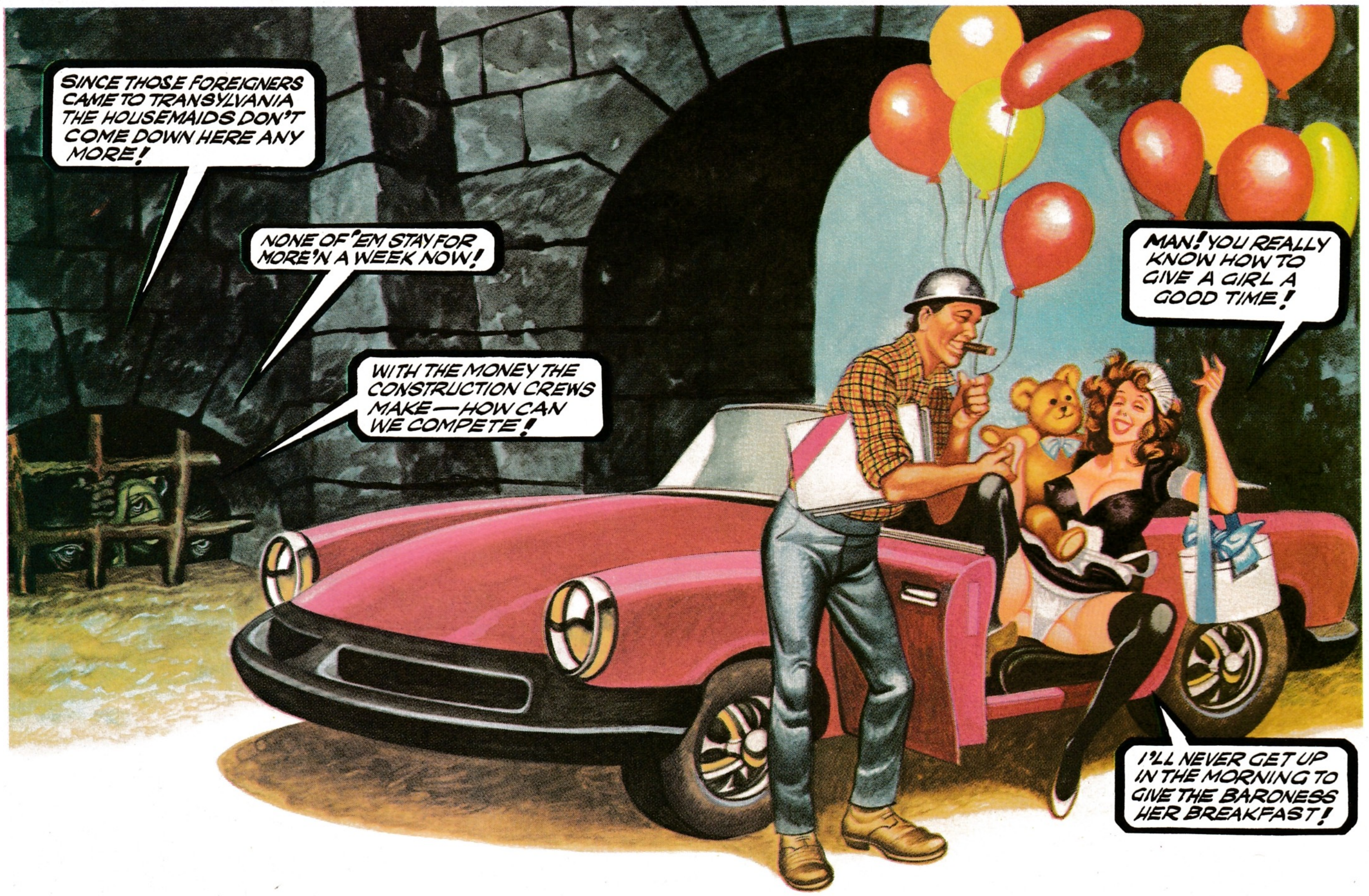

TIME TO WAKE UP, MR BELA—THE SUN'S GONE DOWN!
SOME MEMBERS OF THE CASTLE DREER HOUSEHOLD ARE FINDING THE CHANGES MORE DIFFICULT
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR TEETH!
OH, WELL—SILLY OLD PHONY WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH 'EM ANYWAY!
OOH! THAT SUCCULENT AND TENDER BED WARM FLESH!
EEEEK!
YOU!
WHO ELSE? —MY LUSCIOUS LITTLE CREAM DIP!

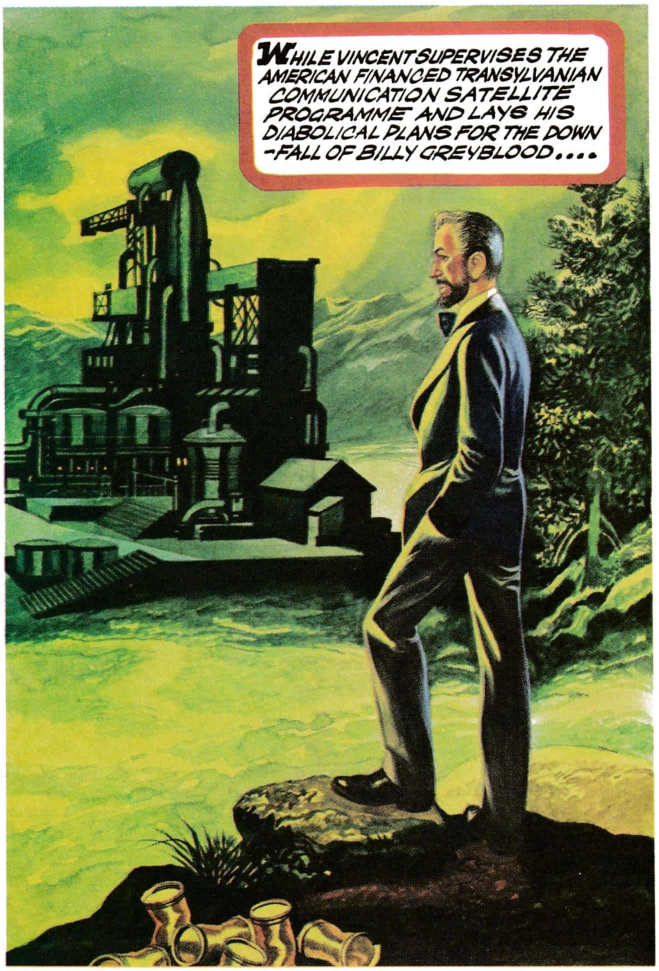

OOPS!
ER-EXCUSE ME! I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE 'ALL NIGHT LAUNDRY!

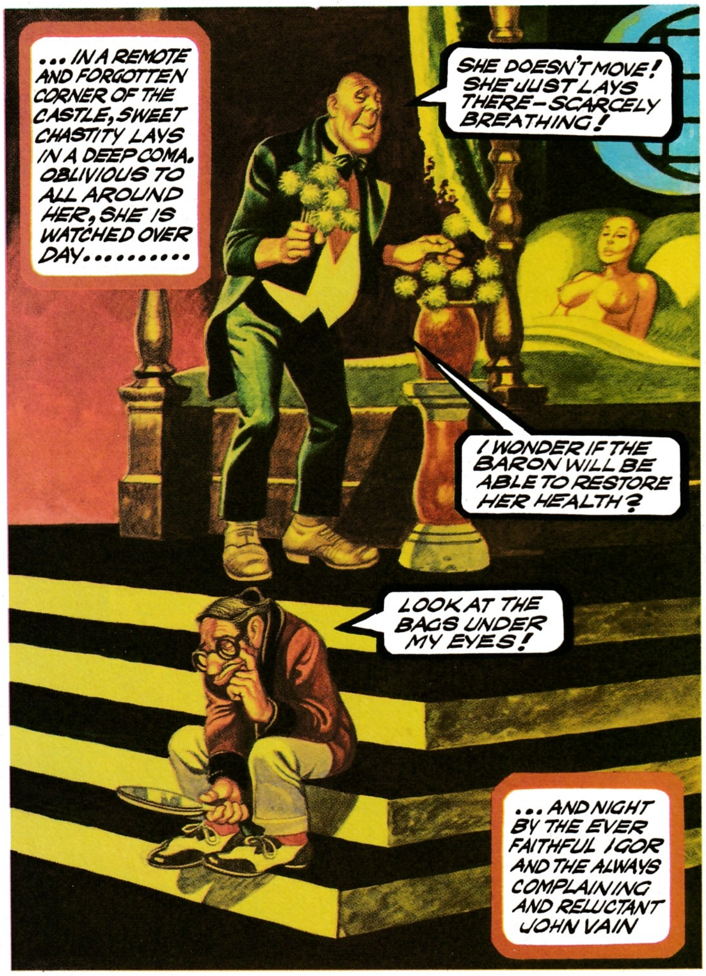


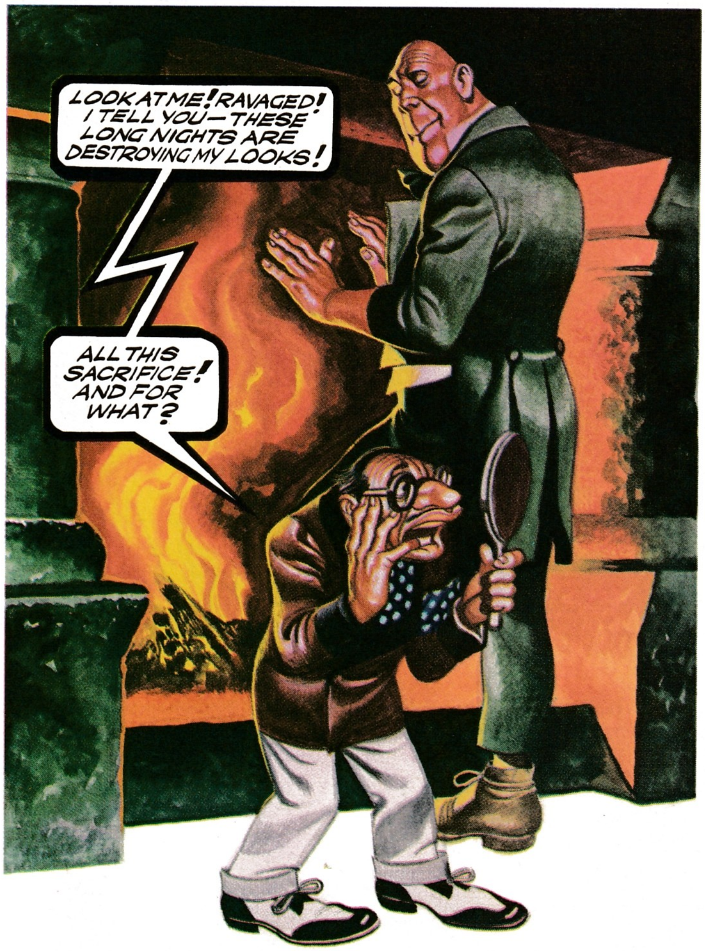

WELL AT LEAST...
HEE-HEE! WHEEZE!
... THEY AREN'T SILVER BULLETS!
KLUNK!

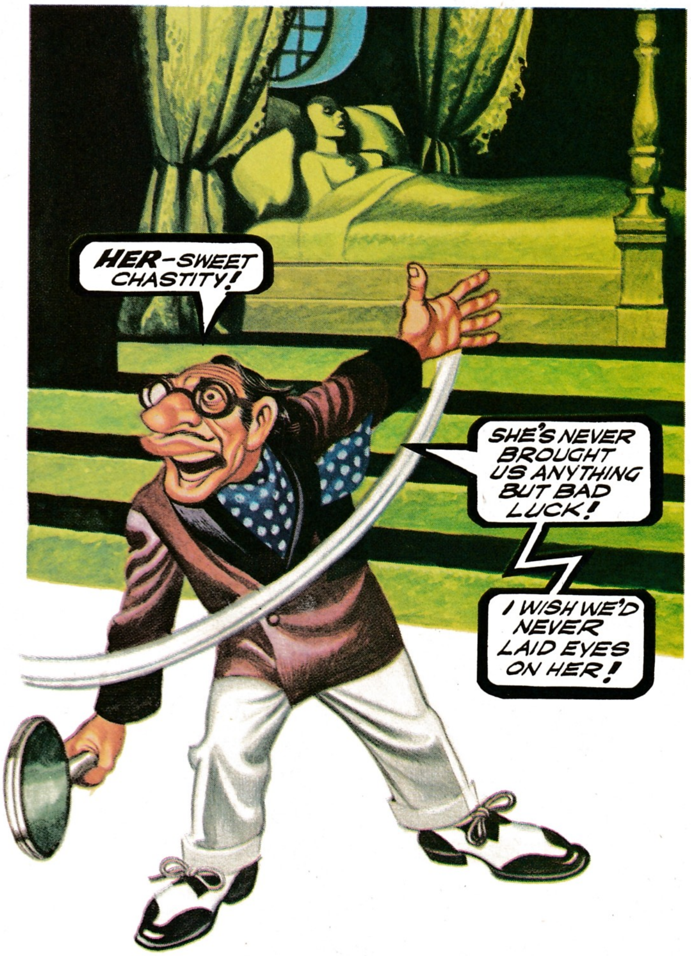

AND DOWN IN THE OOZING SQUALOR OF THE DRIPPING VAULTS, THE LOWEST OF THE LOW IN THE HIERARCHY OF THE CASTLE MOURN THE PASSING OF THEIR ONE AND ONLY TRADITIONAL DIVERSION.......
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS!
THINGS WON'T EVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

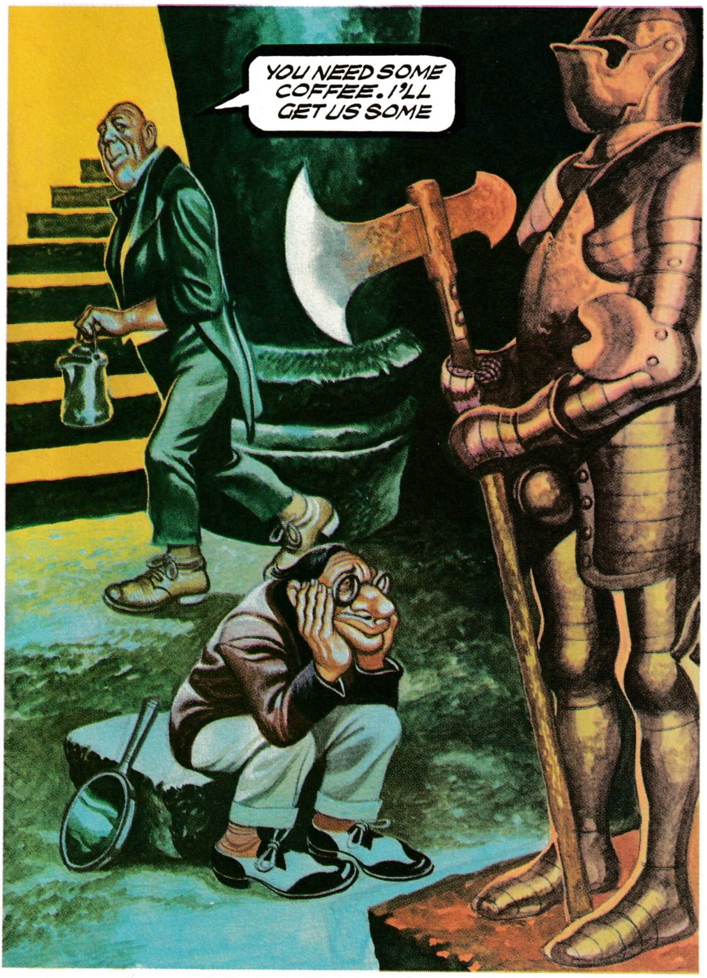

SINCE THOSE FOREIGNERS CAME TO TRANSYLVANIA THE HOUSEMAIDS DON'T COME DOWN HERE ANY MORE!
NONE OF 'EM STAY FOR MORE'N A WEEK NOW!
WITH THE MONEY THE CONSTRUCTION CREWS MAKE—HOW CAN WE COMPETE!
MAN! YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO GIVE A GIRL A GOOD TIME!
I'LL NEVER GET UP IN THE MORNING TO GIVE THE BARONESS HER BREAKFAST!

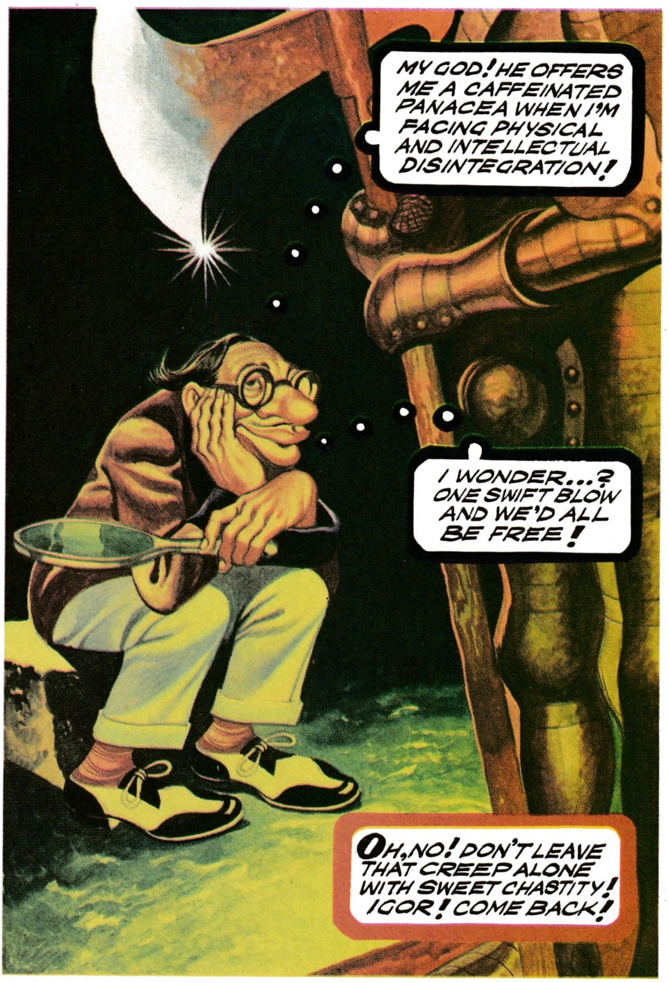

WHILE VINCENT SUPERVISES THE AMERICAN FINANCED TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATION SATELLITE PROGRAMME AND LAYS HIS DIABOLICAL PLANS FOR THE DOWN-FALL OF BILLY GREYBLOOD....


...IN A REMOTE AND FORGOTTEN CORNER OF THE CASTLE, SWEET CHASTITY LAYS IN A DEEP COMA. OBLIVIOUS TO ALL AROUND HER, SHE IS WATCHED OVER DAY.........
SHE DOESN'T MOVE! SHE JUST LAYS THERE—SCARCELY BREATHING!
I WONDER IF THE BARON WILL BE ABLE TO RESTORE HER HEALTH?
LOOK AT THE BAGS UNDER MY EYES!
...AND NIGHT BY THE EVER FAITHFUL IGOR AND THE ALWAYS COMPLAINING AND RELUCTANT JOHN VAIN


LOOK AT ME! RAVAGED! I TELL YOU—THESE LONG NIGHTS ARE DESTROYING MY LOOKS!
ALL THIS SACRIFICE! AND FOR WHAT?


HER-SWEET CHASTITY!
SHE'S NEVER BROUGHT US ANYTHING BUT BAD LUCK!
I WISH WE'D NEVER LAID EYES ON HER!


YOU NEED SOME COFFEE. I'LL GET US SOME


MY GOD! HE OFFERS ME A CAFFEINATED PANACEA WHEN I'M FACING PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL DISINTEGRATION!
I WONDER...? ONE SWIFT BLOW AND WE'D ALL BE FREE!
OH, NO! DON'T LEAVE THAT CREEP ALONE WITH SWEET CHASTITY! IGOR! COME BACK!